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THE

BY JOHN BAKER.

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◀The Victorian Jubilee▶

HAIL ! Hail ! all hail, Victoria !
Queen of the British realm !
Hail to the hand that fifty years
So well hath held the helm !

Hail, royal brow, that fifty years
Hath worn earth's brightest crown !
Hail, royal mother, good and true !
Hail to thy bright renown !

Sing Jubilee ! Sing Jubilee !
From Britain, round and round,
Let lines of length and latitude
Be vocal with the sound.

Sing Jubilee ! 'Tis fifty years—
And every year an age,
Brighter by far than any grav'd
On earth's historic page.

'Tis fifty years, Britannia,
Since first thy loyal heart
Espoused its Queen, with bond and vow,
Which naught but death shall part.

Fond memory spreads a bounteous feast,
With all that life endears ;
A banquet mete to celebrate
This half a hundred years.

Ring, merry bells of Britain, ring
Your happiest roundelays ;
Peals that shall tell again the joys
Of thousand yesterdays.

Sound ! trumpets, viols, clarions, sound !
Ye mighty guns, give voice !
The world's our guest ; now to the feast,
And let each heart rejoice.

Fill up a bumper ! Three times three !
 Shout ! till the welkin ring,
 For Britain's Queen—Then Britain, and
 The Jubilee we sing.

Here, Merry England, here's to thee !
 Now count thy mercies o'er.
 Here, Bonny Scotland, here's to thee !
 Thou'rt loyal to the core.

Here, Ireland,—dash away thy tears
 And join the jubilee ;—
 Here's to thee ! and thou shalt challenge all
 Who doubt thy loyalty.

See white-robed Peace and and gory War
 Click glasses at the board ;
 See Industry and Art strike hands
 Above their well-earned hoard.

See Invention, whose myriad works
 Add lux'ry to the feast ;
 Earth's millions now “run to and fro,
 And knowledge is increased.”

Behold the progress in the Arts

These fifty years display !

From tallow dip, with rush-light flame,

To light that rivals day.

From old stage coach, and carrier's van,

Up to the palace car ;

From flint and steel, and tinder-box,

Up to the lucifer.

From postman here, fresh horses there,

And echoing bugle horns,

To Rowland Hill and penny-post,

With Fawcett's wondrous forms.

The seas are span'd, and messages

Of joy or misery,

Fly like the bolt that cleaves the sky

From Jove's great archery.

Yea ! the fierce lightning wears its chain,

And learns to do man's will,

And bear him luxuries once undreamed—

Now needful to his fill.

Behold the burnished lines of steel
That traverse earth's broad face !
Old England's wooden-walls are gone,
And steel-clads take their place.

No longer serfdom, in disguise,
Owns lords' or barons' tread—
Each man of worth is enfranchised,
And each lifts up his head ;

The hovel of the former years
Gives place to cottage neat ;
The Jew, so many an age proscribed,
In parliament finds a seat.

Discovery, with eager eye,
Patrols creation's bound,
And challenges each errant star,
Or times the planets' round.

Mark him who pierces nature's heart,
And grasps the secrets there ;
Reading the strata far beneath
The vesture she doth wear.

See, from their graves of thousand years,
Old Troy and Pompeii
Rise up and yield their treasures vast,
To grace our jubilee.

Sound the loud trumpet ! give it breath !
A king ! a king appears !
Though clad in cerements, and dead
Almost four thousand years.

Lo ! Great Sesostris ! Egypt's Lord !
From his unquiet tomb
Comes forth and stands in open day,
Ere the great day of doom.

All Hail ! All Hail ! Great Rameses !
Thou great substantial shade !
Thou com'st unhbidden to our feast,
Still, room for thee is made.

But tell us first,—was't thou, whose hand
So heavily was laid
On Israel's sons, when in thy land
Such mighty works were made ?

Was't thou, who doomed the infant boys
 Of Jacob's enslaved race ?
 Whose daughter found the tiny ark
 Hid in the reedy place ?

Was't thou, before whom Moses stood
 And wrought such wonders there ?
 Whose first born fell beneath the sword
 The d'stroying angel bare ?

Speak out ! Was't thou, or son of thine,
 O'er whom sweet Miriam sang,
 " The Lord hath triumphed gloriously,"
 While her loud timbrel rang ?

And maidens caught the joyful strain,
 " He hath triumphed gloriously,
 " The chariot, horse and rider, He
 " Hath whelméd in the sea."

Was't thou, O Pharaoh ! type of pride ?
 Thy glory is brought low !
Was't thou, who Israel's God defied ?
 Thou'rt puppet in a show !

Strike ! cymbals, strike ! the scene is changed,
The banquet is resumed,
And India greets her Empress to
The music now attuned.

O Lands of Orient—wonder lands—
What wonders have been wrought
Within your bounds these fifty years !
With what a treasure bought !

Burmah, thou youngest of the train
To grace our jubilee,
Do'st thou remember Judson, and
The life he gave to thee ?

O fields of missions, fields of war,
Fields of great industry—
Welcome ! thrice welcome, one and all,
To our great jubilee.

The jubilean kaleidoscope
Moves on its mighty round ;
Its centre—jubilee,—its rays
Reach earth's remotest bound ;

And from the far Antipodes
Come greetings on the breeze,
For Australasian loyalty
Spans the great tropic seas.

Victoria and her sister band
Of colonies so fair,
Bow to the sceptre which their Queen,
Victoria, doth bear.

And loyal hearts, and happy homes,
And prosperous marts are theirs ;
Young, strong and vigorous are they,
Born in these fifty years.

And Canada's dominion fair,
With Newfoundland in suit,
All have a wealth of loyalty,
With liberty to boot.

Oh Empire vast ! how grand art thou !
Stretching thine arms afar !
How bountiful thou art in Peace !
How terrible in War !

How like the lions on thy shield,
 All couchant, three and three,
 Or Scotia's—rampant—like her sons
 Before the enemy.

Oh Queen, with such a glorious realm !
 Oh realm, with such a Queen !
 Each reigning in the heart of each,
 With naught to intervene.

O happy Queen ! thy realm's thy crown,
 More bright than gems or gold !
 O happy realm ! thy Queen's pure life
 Is joy to thee untold.

Sing Jubilee ! sing Jubilee !
 From Britain round and round !
 Let lines of length and latitude
 Be vocal with the sound.

List ! list ! a solemn strain is heard !
 Its stately, measured tread
 Tells the "Dead March," and calls each heart
 To' remembrance of the dead.

The Worthy Dead ! the Mighty Dead
 Of this half century !
 Where is the chronicle could hold
 E'en half the memory ?

Their names are graven on the stars,
 On fields of blood and peace,
 On ragged schools, on hospitals—
 Where does their record cease ?

Rise, every guest—in silence rise,
 And bare and bow each head ;
 In solemn silence fill, and drink
 In honor of the dead.

Droop the rich banner ! shroud the scene !
 Boom ! boom ! the distant guns,
 And the sad memory, ever green,
 Moves on with muffled drums.

Let others mourn the “good old times,”
 And talk of “good Queen Bess ;”
 I sing the good Victorian age,
 And count all others less.

True, Shakespeare of his art was lord,
 As each age since records ;
 But we have lords who wield the pen,
 And pens that wield the lords.

Pens all aflame with ardent zeal—
 Kings tremble neath their frown ;
 Pens that speak peace from heav'n above,
 And bear its blessings down.

Blessings from heav'n ! when did they pour
 Down on the earth as now ?
 Man's primal curse has been transformed,
 And blessings wreathe its brow.

Praise heav'n, loved Queen, which made as one
 Thee and thy people—twain,—
 And placed within thy subjects' hearts
 Thy " right divine " to reign.

Praise heav'n, loved Britain, praise thy God,
 " His mercies bear in mind ;
 " Forget not all His benefits,
 " Who is to thee so kind."

Hail ! Hail !! Hail !!! Hail THE JUBILEE !!!!

Hail to the banner bright !

All hail, Great Britain ! hail to thee !

Thou art a goodly sight.

Hail, Union Jack ! thou saucy flag !

Hail to thy jubilee !

The wide, wide world salutes to-day,

And doffs its hat to thee !

Lansingburgh, N. Y., U. S. A.,

June 21, 1887.

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